

# Good Morning 319

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)

RON RICHARDS SAYS TO-DAY

18 APR. 1944

## GOOD HOMES—STEEL'S ANSWER

Dick Gordon Presents

STAGE SCREEN and STUDIO



"SOMEONE shouted, 'Don't panic,' and we shouted back, 'Who's panicking?' We waited in the corridor until a calm voice told us to go to our emergency stations. To cheer up our spirits and those of the others we started to sing." This description of the scene as their ship was sinking in the Mediterranean after an attack by dive-bombers was given by Barbara Hemingway, on her arrival at a North African port.

Barbara, pretty blonde dancer from Bradford, Yorkshire, was among ENSA artists rescued from the ship.

"We had just sat down to dinner when the emergency alarm started ringing. We did not quite realise what was happening until we heard the Ack-Ack fire. We went to our cabins and collected something warm to wear and filled our water bottles. Suddenly there was a trembling shudder and a muffled explosion. . . .

Joan Lovett took up the story: "When we were ordered into the boats everyone was as calm as if they had been getting on a London bus. When we were picked up by the Navy, the boys were wonderful to us. They gave us everything they could find to keep us dry and warm."

An extra survivor was a love bird, belonging to Victor Wise, of the Campbell and Wise comedy team.

A sequel to the sinking. Art Gregory and his Band from "wingtime" lost all their instruments. Geraldo, then already in the Middle East, arranged to fit them up with a borrowed set.

So you liked "Jitterbugs"? I don't need three guesses why—here she is:—

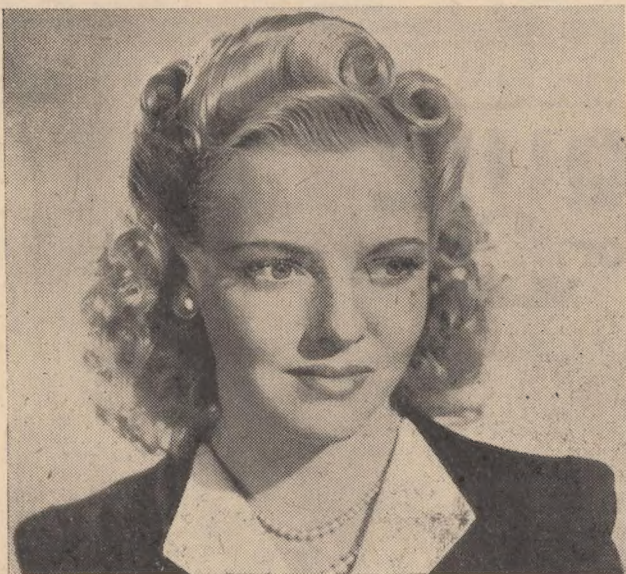
Vivian Blaine was born in Newark, New Jersey, on November 21st, 1921. Her father is Lionel P. Stapleton, theatrical agent. Her mother's name is Wilma. Her parents are divorced.

She made her debut as a singer of popular melodies at the age of 14. Her father had booked Halsey Miller and his band for a one-night stand. At the last minute Vivian filled in as vocalist.

Two days after graduating from high school she went on the road, singing with Jay Mills' band on a series of one-night stands.

Back once more to Newark,

Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1



Lovely Vivian Blaine

Vivian sang at the Shalimar with Irwin Kent's orchestra. One night, however, the place burned down. There's no truth to the rumour that Vivian's torch songs started the blaze!

After a series of one-night engagements in New York with such bands as Jolly Coburn and Irwin Kent, entertaining at private parties at leading hotels and society mansions, Vivian won an engagement as leading singer at the Governor Clinton Hotel. Then, in September, 1941, she went into the St. Moritz with Eddie Varzo's band.

HERE she was visited by a talent scout, who offered her a screen test.

In the test she did a short scene from "Stage Door" and sang a song entitled "What Do You Think I Am?" When the movie moguls saw the test they answered her tuneless plea by telling her she was a great screen prospect. The test, filmed in New York, was shown to Darryl F. Zanuck on a Wednesday. Vivian received a wire to come to the coast on Thursday. The following Wednesday evening she and her mother dropped off a train in Hollywood, and Thursday morning she signed an exclusive long-term contract.

Besides studying dramatics on the studio lot and practising her singing, Vivian played her first movie role in a small part for "It Happened in Flatbush." As in real life, she will portray a singer in an exclusive night club.

HER favourite colours are blue, white and black. When she arrived on the coast she brought with her 48 formal

which she had gathered during her many years of working with orchestras. However, she prefers slacks.

She's a tremendous movie fan, but has rarely had a chance to attend the movies during the past four years, because of her working hours. Her favourite movie actress is Claudette Colbert, especially in "Remember the Day." Her favourite actor is Charles Boyer.

She buys lots of jewellery, but rarely wears it.

She's nuts about steaks, roast duck, apple fritters and hot dogs.

When she was in New York she was selected as the "girl friend of the Army" by the boys in Eastern camps.

She's a blue-eyed blonde. Stands 5ft. 2in. without shoes. Weighs 114lbs., has a 24½-inch waist, 34-inch hips and bust, years a 5½-A shoe. She's Irish, German and English.

PRIVATE JOHN CALVIN BRIGGS, of the U.S. Marine Corps, and husband of Ginger Rogers, saw his wife marched down the aisle to wed another man!

Pte. Briggs, on leave from the San Diego Marine Base, arrived at Paramount just in time to see Ginger, in an elaborate wedding gown, trimmed with pearls and sequins, and wearing a mediaeval pearl-encrusted head-dress, take the arm of Warner Baxter and face the minister.

This was the climax of the second or golden dream, of "Lady in the Dark," the technical screen version of the Broadway stage hit.

Despite all the spectacular trimmings of the screen wedding, Mr. and Mrs. Briggs agree that their own ceremony, performed shortly after midnight in the empty Pasadena Methodist Church, with the groom in uniform and the bride wearing a brown tailored suit, was much more satisfactory in every way.

"WE set before ourselves, as a prime responsibility, the provision of homes for all who need them, with priority for our Servicemen as and when they come home from the war. . . ."

These words, spoken by Premier Winston Spencer Churchill in a Sunday evening war progress chat through the B.B.C., gave hope and cheer of a satisfactory sequel to a great national problem.

The Premier continued:

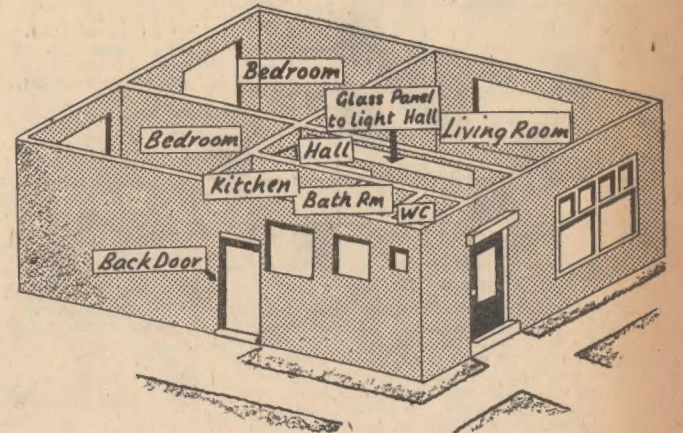
"Let me first of all lay down this absolute rule. Nothing can or must be done in housing or re-housing which, by weakening or clogging the war effort, prolongs the war. Neither labour nor material can be diverted in any way which hampers the vast operations which are in progress or impending."

"However, I have given my word that, so far as it may lie in my power, the soldiers, when they return from the war, and those who have been bombed-out and made to be doubled up with other families, shall be restored to homes of their own at the earliest possible moment."

Backing up these words, he said that up to 300,000 sites were already secured by local authorities for permanent homes, that many hundred thousands of our boys could marry several hundred thousands of our girls to make their own four-years plan.

But that would not be sufficient—and to cope with the situation fully another half-million homes would be necessary. The solution, the Premier said, was prefabricated houses.

These houses will be made of



A plan of the new Steel Home.

steel—and the steel which will go to make them is the same steel that now goes into the building of vehicles of war.

When the last tank and the last armoured car needed for this war roll off the assembly lines, the factories, almost without pause, will switch to the production of thin steel sheets for unit - construction two-storey type houses.

Of this house that Winston built, an expert gave me these facts, the basis of which will be the difference between just a house and a home.

Not only have they excellent baths, gas or electric kitchenettes and refrigerators, but their walls carry fitted furniture—chests of drawers, hanging cupboards, and tables—which to-day would cost eighty pounds to buy.

A framework of steel is put up, and in this are fitted sheet steel walls, floors and ceilings. Insulated board

allows of any interior scheme of decorating, and, as far as the outside is concerned, modern painting methods can provide anything from a smooth to a rough-cast effect finish.

You open the front door into an entrance hall. On the left are a bathroom and lavatory. Beyond that is the kitchenette; it has fitted cupboards, a refrigerator, built-in table, gas or electric cooker, and constant hot water facilities. At the back of the hall are two bedrooms. On the right of the hall is the sitting-room, with a glass-panelled door giving light to the hall.

I asked the expert what he thought of it. "The working man couldn't afford to buy it," he said, "especially in view of its short life." "And what of the housewife?" I asked. "It will be the ideal thing; a real boon to them," the expert replied.

But Mr. Churchill answered the cost problem by saying that the houses, which would be far superior to the average cottage, would be publically owned and let at moderate rents.

All the fittings have been standardised and can be mass-produced in wide variety, Lord Portal, Minister of Works, recently made clear. Factories are now being assigned, materials earmarked, and sites chosen. The sites are to be quickly prepared by modern giant bulldozers, concrete-mixers and other up-to-date apparatus released from air-field construction.

It was previously stated that one-and-a-quarter million men, of whom 200,000 will be ex-Servicemen, will immediately be engaged in Britain's re-housing scheme.

The steel house is not a new idea. In 1924, Lord Weir tried to popularise it, and about 200,000 were built in Scotland, but the houses were criticised. Now, however, the critics are answered.

Modern insulating methods ensure even temperatures and make a steel house virtually soundproof. A steel house is the safest place in a storm, the house itself acting as a lightning-conductor.

Steel houses are no heavier than brick buildings of the same size, but because the walls are so much thinner they have more room-space.

So, when this war is over, as the Book says, "The man shall once more return to his house."

To lose one parent, Mr. Worthing, may be regarded as a misfortune; to lose both looks like carelessness. Oscar Wilde.



Here's Mother, G/L

HELLO, Gun Layer John Wood. Here's a spot of news from home for you, straight from 9 Sand Hole, Royton, Oldham.

First, let us tell you that your mother, Mrs. Eliza Wood, is still a "live wire." While we were at your home, talking to her, she brought out with great care her electric "shocking coil."

"See," she said, "just hold this for a moment," which we did, and which we are still regretting.

We had that most queer sensation of acute "pins and needles" and dropped it.

"Oh, it won't hurt you," said your mother, picking it up. "It's only my electric, to steady my nerves and give me energy."

Your brother Tom was at

John Wood

home, and was just doing his football pools.

He asked us to tell you that he is feeling much better and that he was going to the doctor's to see if he could go to work again.

We asked your mother if she had any message for you, and she replied:

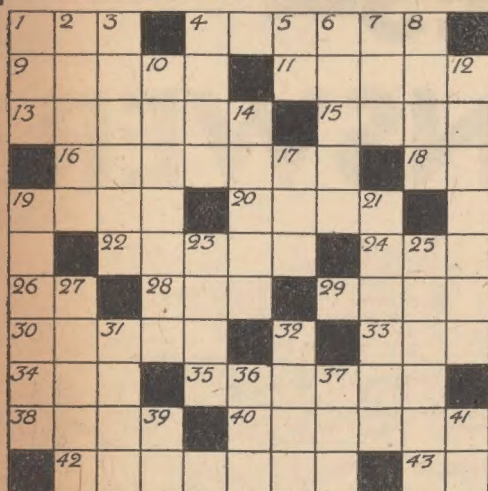
"Our John doesn't need any message. He knows I'm doing fine, and I'm looking forward to him coming home again."

Mrs. Parker had been to see the folks at home, John, and your pal, L.S. Albert Parker, is quite well, and has just been home for a spot of leave. And all's well at home.

Cheerio and Good Hunting!



## CROSSWORD CORNER



## CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Nudge.  
4 Goes passively.  
9 Quickly.  
11 Threw.  
13 Shouted.  
15 Wind instrument.  
16 Boisterous.  
18 Through.  
19 Intent.  
20 Garment.  
22 Dry stalks.  
24 Farm animal.  
26 Because.  
28 Space of time.  
29 Sustain.  
30 Diagram.  
33 Written matter.  
34 Summit.  
35 Charm.  
38 Scarf.  
40 Stands firmly.  
42 Erudite.  
43 Concerning.

H LAVA GRIG  
ITEM SURE  
GRAB SNEAKS  
HIVES MARSH  
PERIODOT O  
HEN MOO FEE  
EPIERCEED  
AVAIL SOLUS  
LASCAR RICH  
MITRE KNEE  
SPAS DOSE D

## CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Silly chatterer. 2 Stage show. 3 Lively dances.  
4 Stags. 5 Remains. 6 Beats. 7 Sponge-bath.  
8 One who feels superior. 10 Noisy talk. 12 Heating devices. 14 Sort of seat. 17 Fresh. 19 Responds to stimulus. 21 Swarmed. 23 Duty list.  
25 Ne'er-do-well. 27 Submerged sandbank. 31 Recess. 32 Six-sided figure. 36 Person. 37 Cover.  
39 Cry of surprise. 41 Compass point.

## Nature's not last word

GARDENERS are improving on Nature. They are bending her to their will, transforming worthless products of the soil into palatable vegetables, giving weeds the beauty of flowers, and touching fruit with their magical wand and producing better fruit.

Some flowers are double the size they were twenty years ago, and brighter in colour. Others have become smaller in order that they may be stronger in scent, but gardeners cannot yet link size and smell together.

In vegetables we have varieties that were completely unknown. By evolving types and then crossing them, selecting carefully each harvest-time, and then sowing and selecting again, man has filled the world with fresh foods.

The whole world has watched in a film Henry the Eighth enjoying a banquet. Yet the real Henry could not even have tasted cabbage. In those days there was only the wild kale to be collected from the sea-cliffs. Now we have nine extreme and distinct types from the one ancestor, savoy, brussels sprouts with a cabbage head and a brussels sprout with a savoy head, the sprouts being small savoyes.

We can grow, for cattle food, cabbages more than a yard across. Not so much skill as you might suppose in that prize marrow, for there is no limit to the size to which vegetables can be grown.

Onions twice the size of a man's head, and potatoes weighing four pounds or more could be grown every day; but who wants them that size? No-body wants size without quality.

The orange achieved no popularity until we eliminated some of the pips and cultivated the former coarse, thick skins out of existence.

Veteran gardeners can remember the days when runner beans grew so high that sticks to support their tendrils were practically unobtainable by allotment growers.

You had to stand on a ladder to reach the topmost pods.

But horticulturists are endeavouring to abolish inconvenience. Within ten years, Martin Sutton trained the plants into such diminutiveness that they could be grown in a frame and produced much earlier than in an open garden.

Ironmongers once sold seeds just as they sell soap-flakes today. The sweepings of hay-lofts and the seeds of weeds would be inextricably mixed with the seeds of flowers, grass and vegetables.

You were lucky then if the good seeds were not dead, for

By Webster Fawcett

there was actually a small industry employed in destroying the germs of new seeds so that they would not, by germinating, give the game away.

In modern times, of course, the world is combed for new plants. Nearly thirty years ago a traveller in Palestine noticed, growing wild among the vines, a new podded pea. A tiny and apparently useless thing, he brought it home, interested to know what would happen when he crossed it with commercial peas.

The crossing resulted in the V.C. super-pea with its eight-inch pods, eight times the size of the pea found beside the Sea of Galilee.

In Arran, another expert, Donald McKelvie, is engaged in perfecting potatoes. One day, housewives will not ask vaguely for new potatoes. They will demand Arran Potatoes, just as they now ask for King Edwards, knowing it to be a good standard variety. Ever since the Magnum Bonum appeared, a potato can no longer be just a potato. It is graded into a thousand varieties, according to its colour and size and shape and flavour.

When the potato boom died it was the turn of the sweet pea. With over twenty-five varieties offered to gardeners nowadays, it is difficult to imagine that only thirty years ago you could buy only two kinds—the red or the pink.

A man who could have produced a yellow pea would have made a fortune.

## JANE

Where the "Prof." explains  
The Sea-green Grocer

By Jasper Power

"TELL me," asked Reginald Pybus, dropping his shovel as the bo'sun's feet vanished over the hatch coaming, "why do they call you the Professor?" The "Herod Antipapas" was working steadily to the southward, and Malachi Crinnion had just sent the rest of the hands up on deck to spread the midship awnings. The portly Ferdinand Whalebelly was very sensitive to heat. Left below by themselves, the pair made the most of the unexpected spell, placidly sitting on the stringers for a smoke, a proceeding which the mate had most explicitly forbidden.

"It's as hot as the Hobs of Hell," growled Mr. Hogsbottle, who apparently had not heard the grocer's question. He pulled off his boots and shook out sundry pieces of coal which had found their way in through the soles. Pybus repeated his request.

"Because it happens that I was once Regius Professor of Classics in a certain famous university," said the other, after a barely perceptible pause. "It was entirely the fault of my parents, who had a most unreasonable prejudice against hot water."

"You're pulling my leg," challenged the grocer suspiciously.

"Nothing of the sort. I assure you," retorted Mr. Hogsbottle, in tones of virtuous indignation. "We lived in a manufacturing town in those days, up in the North, which had compromised with the worldly pleasure-seeking spirit then first stirring abroad by establishing a swimming-bath. That bath had no more regular patron than myself, to the manifest delight of both my parents, who saw in this passion for natation, persisting even when the ground was deep in snow, the seeds of that Spartan endurance which had made old England what she was."

"But, Queer Fella, even at that age I had begun to lead a double life; only on the very warmest days did I plunge into that forbidding tank of ice-cold water. There stood at one end of the building a long white trough of glazed brick, through which a stream of almost boiling water continually flowed, for the convenience of such of my fellow-townsmen as did not possess a bath of their own. In common with other young Sybarites of the neighbourhood, whose need, perhaps, was greater than mine, I would wallow by the hour in that celestial trough, discussing football and similar matters of juvenile importance."

"This effete behaviour greatly scandalised the whiskered bath attendant, in whose pious mind virtue and cold water were inextricably mingled. He held that wasting hot water was that greatest of all sins, a sin against the corporation; and was in the habit of supplementing his homilies with a hose of the cold variety. Poor old Widger," sighed the Professor at this point, "he was afterwards run over by the new fire engine—a most municipal death."

"Was there an inquest?" asked Pybus, really interested. "I don't remember," said Mr. Hogsbottle, "but before he was killed he complained to my parents that I was always 'a-boiling of myself like a human shrimp,' which was neither Christian nor fair to the ratepayers. I was forbidden to visit the baths thenceforward, and received a good hiding into the bargain, the effect of which was not lessened by the tenderness of my pampered skin."

"Well, that didn't make you a professor, did it?" interrupted the grocer impatiently.

"Strangely enough, it did. Shortly afterwards I made my first acquaintance with the Latin language, and learned to my surprise and delight that the ancient Romans had anticipated my cult of the semi-aquatic conversatione. They had gone further, and added fragrant

unguents to their enervating pastime. I had not the slightest notion what an unguent was, but felt instinctively that Mr. Widger would not have held with it. Moreover, these heterodox patriars had had the courage of their convictions, and sprawled on couches at their meals, instead of sitting uncomfortably upright on a hard chair. In place of hunting rabbits with whippets, which was the principal sport in our district, they had coursed Christians with lions in permanent circuses. In short, the classics acquired all the fascination for me that the proscribed stories of Buffalo Bill held for my contemporaries. I became a fair Latin scholar almost by stealth, and ultimately a Professor of Classics by taking the line of least resistance."

"Then what are you doing at sea?" demanded Pybus. "I don't believe your name really is Hogsbottle."

The Professor's face grew suddenly hard. "I'll give you a word of advice, young man," he said coldly. "Never ask that sort of question of any shipmate. It isn't done. . . . What's gone wrong with you now?" he added, as Pybus sprang up excitedly.

"You . . . You . . . You reminded me of someone," he stammered, "and something to do with trousers . . . lavender trousers . . . but it's gone now," he finished despondently.

"Never mind, you'll remember it another time," consoled the Professor. "Look out, Queer Fella, here's the bo'sun!" They grabbed their shovels hastily.

The men came climbing down into the hold unwillingly, bringing with them another pail of water, in which oatmeal had been thrown to ward off cramp. A patched canvas wind chute had been resurrected from the forepeak and rigged over the hatch; but the wind had gone aft, and was barely keeping pace with the ship. Not a breath of air entered the stifling hold, and the limp windsail might as well never have been rigged. Most of the men were feeling the heat, and Pybus noted that Old Dick was finding it heavy going. The Welshman had wisely chosen to delve in the darkest corner, and the barrow which he infrequently trundled did not, as the Professor observed, contain good measure, pressed down and running over.

"And why would it?" demanded Hairy Butler. "Sure, the old cod's as weak as half of rum, well watered." And the Irishman set himself to simulate extreme exhaustion whenever the old man approached. "Why wasn't I born wid a hinge in me back?" he demanded, to the accompaniment of death-bed groans. "Who'd sell a farm and go to sea?" Behind the old man's back he executed huge and significant winks, and referred to "the old dog

for the hard road, and the pup for the boreen."

But in spite of this well-meant connivance at Old Dick's "headworking" manoeuvres, the Welshman was on his last legs. He began to stagger as he shoved at the lightly loaded barrow. Here was an opportunity to redeem his earlier lapse, thought Pybus. As the old man wearily let the barrow drop, he pushed forward, grasped the handles, and walked lightly off.

A savage jab in the ribs brought him up with a jerk, and he turned barely in time to avoid a second lunge of the Welshman's pointed trimming shovel. Old Dick was gibbering and mouthing at him in feeble fury.

"You think you'll get to windward of me and drive me into the Spike," he screamed. "You want to go creeping to the mate to take away my job, saying I was too old for work. Behind me you say Whalebelly fetched me in a running bowline from the workhouse door. God damn you, I'll fix you." He made to attack Pybus again. "Beat it, Queer Fella," muttered Hairy Butler. "We'll see to old Hooses."

The astonished grocer climbed on deck and walked slowly forward. The air was cooler up here, and his sweat-soaked singlet felt suddenly cold and clammy as it clung to his skin. Looking down, he saw a patch of blood spreading quickly through the dirty cotton.

(To be continued)

## WANGLING WORDS—272

- Put a capital city in PNADE, and get a concert.
- Rearrange the letters of MARS OLD SECRET, to get a Guard's regiment.
- Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: CHAT into TALK, CARD into JACK, EVES into FALL, SIRE into DAMS.
- What garment is hidden in this sentence?—Deep in a forest he lives the life of a hermit. (The required letters will be found together and in their right order.)

## Answers to Wangling Words—No. 271

- TREACHEROUS.
- MEISTERSINGER.
- JEEP, JEER, BEER, BEAR, BEAT, BELT, MELT, MILT, MILE, RILE, RIDE, TWIG, TWIN, THIN, THEN, WHEN, WEEN, BEEN, BEET, FEET, FRET, FREE, TREE, LILY, WILE, WILE, MILE, PILE, PIKE, LIKE, LAKE, WINE, LINE, LONE, LONG, SONG.
- St-out.

J.S. Newcombe's  
Short odd—But true

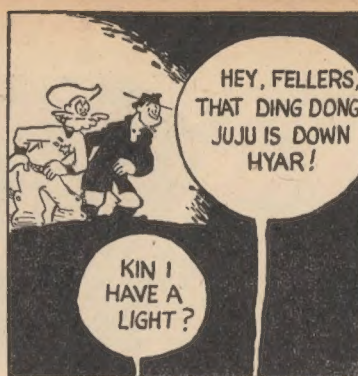
Rouge as an artificial colouring matter is obtained in two ways—from dried flowers mixed with powdered French chalk; and from copperas (sulphate of iron) heated to the point of decomposition.

The "victory roll" was known to the bird-world long before the R.A.F. practised it, for both the African roller and the tumbler pigeon have a habit of turning over in the air.

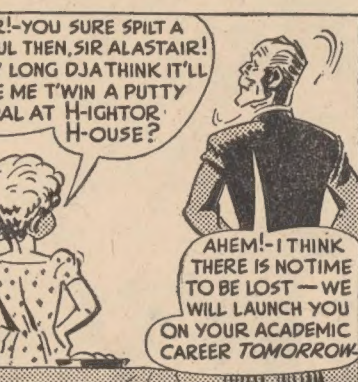
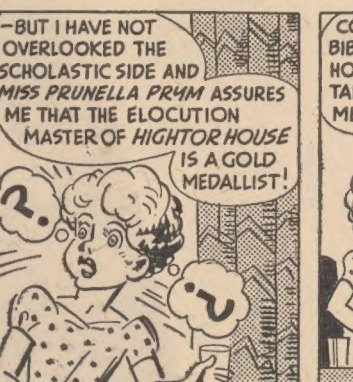
Rotten Row, the famous riding resort in Hyde Park, is a corruption of route de roi, the King's drive.



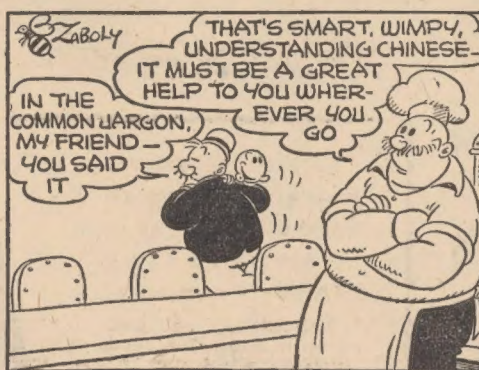
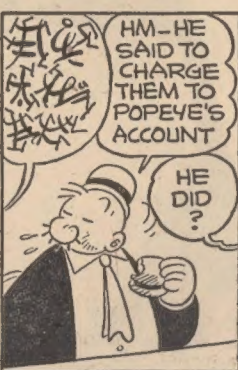
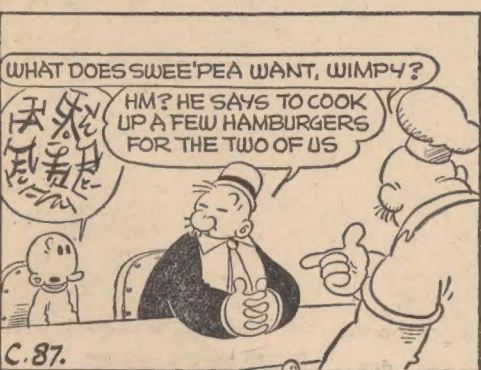
## BEELZEBUB JONES



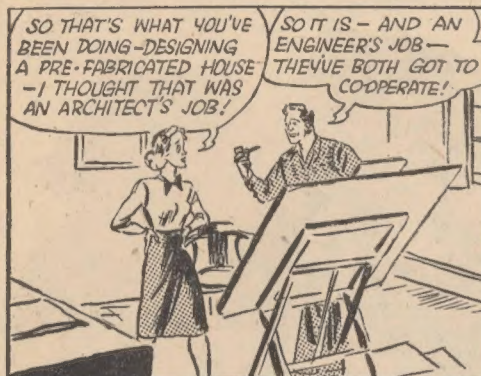
## BELINDA



## POPEYE



## RUGGLES



## GARTH



## JUST JAKE



# Your Weight in Gold

By John Fleetwood

HOW much are you worth, in cash? "Worth his weight in gold" is an expression in everyday use, yet it seldom comes anywhere near the truth.

Men's worth used to be reckoned by their worldly possessions. Among savages it still is, especially the women's. A bride-to-be has a standard value in cattle, corn, for which she is sooner or later bartered.

Wealthy Eastern potentates pander to this still prevalent custom of setting human values in kind, by weighing themselves against solid gold and distributing the proceeds to the poor.

The Maharajah of Bikanir, a big man, recently balanced the scales at £22,600.

The value of many men to their country—to the world—has been far greater than their weight in gold, or, for that matter, in diamonds, radium, or any other precious commodity. Who could estimate the monetary worth of Nelson, Newton, Disraeli, or Dickens? Or, indeed, of many unsung heroes of peace and war?

## VALUE OF A YOUNG MAN.

And what of the "ordinary man"? The cash value to his dependants of a citizen aged 32, earning £600 a year, has been calculated as £6,800. But when illness incapacitates him the loss to his family in time and expense is put at £20 weekly.

War, say the courts, inflates a man's value because of higher wages and prices. But this is counterbalanced by war risks, which tend to make life less valuable.

Taking both into account, the courts assessed the worth of a man killed in a motor accident at £3,000. The life of a deceased girl of eight was valued at £1,500, and of a three-year-old boy, who had lost his leg, at £1,817.

In the boy's case his future earning capacity was impaired. The girl might have earned less, though there was monetary consideration due for her loss of the expectation and enjoyment of life. Had both been infants, the court's award would have been modified by the fact that the infants had yet to overcome all the terrors of child life and ailments.

Bodily defects are considered in assessing the value of human life. A human body with no defects at all is one of the rarest things in the world.

This is not surprising when you consider that thousands of healthy corpses may perish through a single unwise muscular movement. These can be replaced only by contrary action, though this need not necessarily be conscious.

The bodies of men, and women, within the same nationality, vary according to heredity. There are few exceptions. Unclothed, a Japanese country gentleman exactly resembles a Japanese peasant—short, square-bodied, sturdy, thick-legged.

## BEAUTY WITHOUT CORSETS.

A mere few hundred years may effect radical changes in the shape and beauty of the human form. One factor is responsible—living conditions.

It is conceded that the most beautiful human figure since ancient Greece is that of the modern British and American woman.

A celebrated sculptor attributes it to the disuse of corsets and heavy underclothes.

He might well have added outdoor exercise and escape from 2,000 years of stuffy conventions.

Intrinsically, the average human body consists of nothing more valuable than enough fat for seven bars of soap, phosphorus for 2,000 match-heads, carbon for 9,000 lead pencils, iron for two large nails, sugar for ten peace-time cups of tea, enough potassium to explode a toy cannon, lime enough to whitewash a hen coop, a few teaspoonfuls of salt, and a ten-gallon tub of water. The water absorbed by a normal man of 50 (as beer, tea, drinking water and liquid in food) is about 7,000 gallons.

The whole collection would be worth a few shillings at most. An American scientist puts it at 30 cents. Yet, combined, and governed by the human spirit, these simple materials can produce such marvels as a Galileo or a Marconi, a Shakespeare, a Dickens or a Shackleton.

## Alex Cracks

The boy was probably mentally deficient, and an examination was indicated. "How many ears has a cat?" queried the psychologist. "Two," replied the lad instantly. "And how many eyes has a cat?" "Two." "And how many legs has a cat?" "Say, doctor," asked the boy, "didn't you ever see a cat?"

"John, you must discharge the cook. She was impertinent to me and threatened to throw me out of the kitchen." "The idea! I shall certainly discharge her. No one can talk to my wife like that and not answer to me for it." "I'm glad to hear you say that, John. Maggie is in the kitchen now." "All right. I'm going to the office. When you hear the telephone ring, tell Maggie I want to speak to her."



# Good Morning

"You're making progress, but I would like to see you gain a little more weight. Shall increase your vitamin content about five per cent."



'ENOUGH TO GET ANYONE'S GOAT'

Paulette Goddard, now appearing with Fred MacMurray in the sparkling comedy - romance, "Standing Room Only."



THE COMFORT OF OLD FOOTWEAR

## This England

Early morning mist in the village of Stanton, one of the beauty spots of the Cotswolds.

### OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"The mist I've missed so much."

